MARVEL
PSR 62

EXILES®

TIMEBREAKERS

PART ONE OF FOUR

LOCATION: ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE

TIME: ABSOLUTELY NOWHEN

IF THIS IS WHERE THE TIMEBROKER LIVES, HE GETS AN "F" FOR DECOR.

'COURSE, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM A GUY WHO DRESSES LIKE *MISTER BELVEDERE*?

STRANGE, BUT...I THINK I WAS *HERE* BEFORE...

...BACK WHEN THE TIME-BROKER FIRST *CONSCRIPTED* ME.

BY TONY BEDARD & MIZUKI SAKAKIBARA

JC COLORIST

DAVE SHARPE LETTERER

SEAN RYAN ASSISTANT EDITOR

NICK LOWE ASSOCIATE EDITOR

MIKE MARTS EDITOR

JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

ONE MINUTE I WAS IN MY *THRONE ROOM*, THE NEXT I WAS IN A PLACE VERY MUCH LIKE THIS ONE...

YEAH, THE TIMEBROKER YANKED *ME* OUT OF THE "THRONE ROOM," TOO.

ZWEEEEE

MUST WE *TOLERATE* THIS FOOL?

TAKE A NUMBER, HOLOCAUST. I WANNA HEAR THE REST OF NAMORA'S STORY.

MORPH SAVES SABRETOOTH

THERE IS NOT MUCH TO TELL, SABRETOOTH...

"...THE LITTLE MAN WAS IN HERE ALONE. HE EXPLAINED THAT I'D BEEN 'UNHINGED FROM TIME' AND THAT I MUST CARRY OUT HIS *MISSIONS* IF I HAD ANY HOPE OF RETURNING TO MY KINGDOM AND MY FORMER LIFE.

"NATURALLY, I *ATTACKED*, BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT I WAS EMERGING FROM AN INTER-DIMENSIONAL PORTAL WITH MY NEW TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

"I HAVE BEEN PUTTING UP WITH YOU PEOPLE *EVER SINCE.*"

I NEVER STOPPED OFF ANYWHERE LIKE THIS. MIMIC, MORPH, AND I-- PLUS NOCTURNE, MAGNUS AND T-BIRD--WE ALL MATERIALIZED IN A SORT OF **DESERT.**

ONCE EVERYONE WAS THERE, THE TIMEBROKER SHOWED UP AND GAVE US HIS STANDARD "UNHINGED" SPEECH, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE THE **FIRST** TIME HE'D ASSEMBLED A TEAM OF EXILES.

SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT HAPPENED WHEN HE FIRST ROUNDED UP THE **WEAPON X** TEAM. IT WAS ME, DEADPOOL, KANE, MAVERICK, MESMERO AN' WOLVERINE.

'CEPT WE ALL MATERIALIZED IN THE MIDDLE'A SOME **OCEAN,** AND THEN THE LITTLE BUTLER-GUY SHOWS UP IN A HOUSEBOAT WITH A CASE OF BEERS AN' HIS RECRUITMENT SPEECH.

ONCE WE FIGURED OUT WE COULDN'T **KILL** 'IM, WE ALL GOT WITH THE PROGRAM.

I VANISHED FROM A HERO-INFESTED VERSION OF EARTH I'D BEEN STRANDED ON EVER SINCE THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE HAD ENDED.

I REAPPEARED IN FRONT OF **YOU** PEOPLE. YOU **SAW** WHAT LITTLE EXPLANATION OUR ENEMY GAVE ME.

NOW, LET'S FIND HIM AND FORCE HIM TO **FREE** US BEFORE HE REALIZES WE ARE HERE...

WHERE **IS** THIS PLACE, ANYWAY? ARE WE UNDERGROUND, OR OUT IN SPACE...?

SHUT IT, MIMIC.

I'LL TAKE POINT. HOLOCAUST, BRING UP THE REAR. FROM HERE ON, **HAND SIGNALS** ONLY.

CAN YA READ THIS ONE?

?

SNF SNF

DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S THE *EXIT*, DO YOU?

LOOKS LIKE THAT *DESERT* WHERE WE FIRST MET...

ALL EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL DESERTS LOOK THE SAME TO ME...

SHHH... LOOK...

BLINK, IS THAT--?

IT *HAS* TO BE. *OUR* T-BIRD WAS BANDAGED THE EXACT SAME WAY WHEN WE WERE FORCED TO LEAVE HIM BEHIND!

SO THE TIMEBROKER KEEPS HIS FALLEN SOLDIERS LIKE, WHAT, *TROPHIES*...?

OH, MARIKO... YOU DESERVE BETTER THAN THIS--!

I'LL AT LEAST SEE TO IT YOU'RE BURIED AT *HOME*...

THIS SPOT RESERVED FOR ONE OF US...?

NEVER MIND THAT *HOLE*, LOOK WHO'S *NEXT* IN LINE--!

Eh?

BEAK AND HEATHER.

OH, NO... THEY'RE NOT DEAD, TOO--?

SNIKT

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

NO, CAL. I'LL *TELEPORT* THEM OUT. IT'LL BE GENTLER.

WAIT, CLARICE. THEY MIGHT BE ON *LIFE-SUPPORT*, OR SOMETHIN'. TAKIN' 'EM OUT MIGHT *KILL* 'EM, IF THEY'RE NOT ALREADY GONERS.

WE NEED TO LEARN MORE--

BLINK LEADS THIS TEAM. QUIT SECOND-GUESSING HER.

I'M STARTIN' TO THINK YOU COULD USE A FEW LESS *TEETH*...

SNFF
SNFF
I'M OVER HERE, YOU BIG--
SHHH! CAN'T YOU SMELL IT?
IN THERE! QUICK! SOMETHIN'S COMIN'.

EA
PHAZER

...'CAUSE YER GONNA BE BEGGIN' FOR YOUR LIFE!

BETTER SWITCH TO ENGLISH, FAT-BOY...

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

SO THIS IS YOUR TRUE FACE?! I SHOULDA KNOWN YOU WEREN'T NOTHIN' BUT A MEASLY STINKBUG!

Y-YOU. YOU SPEAK NEW TONGUE?

DON'T PLAY STUPID, TIMEBROKER. GIVE US OUR OLD LIVES BACK NOW, OR I SQUASH YOU AND WE'LL FIGURE OUT YOUR EQUIPMENT OURSELVES!

YES. YES, I HELP YOU.

DO NOT SQUASH. AH. DO NOT "SQUASH" PLEASE

I HELP TELL ME WHAT MEANS "TIMEBROKER" AND I HELP

ZZZZZZ

HE WARNED YOU NOT TO PLAY GAMES, LITTLE MAN!

BUT I AM WORKER CASTE! I NOT PLAY! TELL ME WHAT MEANS "TIMEBROKER" AND I PERFORM DUTIES. YES?

HE SOUNDS LIKE HE MEANS IT.

MAYBE THIS THING ISN'T THE TIMEBROKER.

I SHOULD HOPE NOT! IF SUCH AN INSECT COULD FORCE THE QUEEN OF ATLANTIS INTO SERVITUDE ..

LISTEN, LITTLE GUY, JUST SHOW US WHERE WE CAN FIND THE PERSON *IN CHARGE* OF THIS WHOLE OPERATION.

HE LOOKS LIKE *THIS*, UNDERSTAND?

APOLOGIES, BUT..NO *NOT* UNDERSTAND

"IN CHARGE?" PANOPTICHRON CHARGED BY AMBIENT RADIANT QUANTA COLLECTED FROM ADJACENT SOLAR CLUSTERS.

SHEESH--! GET A LOAD OF RAIN MAN! WHO TAUGHT YOU ENGLISH, ANYWAY?

LOOK, I'LL PUT THIS IN TERMS *ANY* ALIEN WOULD UNDERSTAND...

..."TAKE ME TO YOUR *LEADER.*"

YES YES! SOVEREIGN CASTE! YOU NEED SPEAK W TH SOVEREIGN CASTE!

FOLLOW!

SO MAYBE THE TIMEBROKER REALLY IS AN ARTIFICIAL CONSTRUCT.

I MEAN, THIS GUY DOESN'T EVEN *RECOGNIZE* IT, SO MAYBE THEY ONLY "PROJECT" IT TO INTERFACE WITH *US.*

NO WAY, CAL. TIMEBROKER'S *MEAN STREAK* IS TOO PERSONAL TO BE ARTIFICIAL.

UNLESS HE'S SOME KIND OF EVIL COMPUTER..

REAL OR NOT, THIS ENTIRE OPERATION *ENDS* TODAY

CONTROL ROOM DOOR **SEALED** NOW. VERY UNUSUAL. **OFF-LIMITS** TO ALL BUT SOVEREIGNS FOR FIVE-WEEK CYCLES.

BE READY IF SAMMY STINKBUG HERE IS LEADIN' US INTO A **TRAP.**

HEY, LITTLE GUY, YOU SEEMED **SURPRISED** BY US. AREN'T THERE SENSORS OR CAMERAS TO LET YOUR SOVEREIGNS KNOW WE'RE **HERE?**

PANOPTICHRON LOOKS **OUTWARD** WHY NEED WE LOOK WITHIN?

I MUST ANNOUNCE PRESENCE, REQUEST ENTRY TO CONTROL ROOM. SOVEREIGNS WILL BE EAGER TO DIALOGUE, I AM CERTAIN

EEP!

WE'LL JUST ANNOUNCE OURSELVES, THANKYEW.

HOW **THICK** IS THAT **DOOR?**

THIRTEEN QUAT

WE'RE 'PORTING IN BLIND, YOU GUYS READY?

-SIGH- OKAY, IS IT THICKER THAN I AM TALL?

NO.

DO IT, PUP.

BOOOOONK

YIKES!

WHOA!

KNOCK KNOCK!

DO NOT ALLOW THEM TO ESCAPE!

KES!

OUT!

WHUD

THUNK

DON'T *HURT* THEM! THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE FIGHTING BACK!

PLEASE! WE NEVER MEANT TO HARM YOU! WE ONLY WANTED HELP!

HELP WITH WHAT?

TOO LATE FOR APOLOGIES!

NO! NOT BEFORE WE LEARN THE WHOLE TRUTH!

K-CHAK

LOOK, JUST CALM DOWN AND TAKE US TO THE TIMEBROKER, OKAY? WHERE IS HE, ANYWAY?

THERE IS NO TIMEBROKER, AND IF THERE WAS, I'D HAVE BURNED HIM TO A CRISP THE MINUTE I TOOK OVER

GO ON . SOMEBODY SAY IT.

H...HH...

...HYPERION--!

THAT'S RIGHT, BABY...

...HYPERION.

AM I SUPPOSED TO BE *IMPRESSED?*

YEAH, WHO *IS* THIS CLOWN?

HE JOINED THE ***WEAPON X*** TEAM AFTER YOU LEFT IT, MISTER CREED. HE S...HE'S ABSOLUTELY ***EVIL***... A-AND HE'S...

...HE'S GOING TO BE *IMPOSSIBLE* TO BEAT.

AND IF *HE'S* RUNNING THE SHOW AROUND HERE, THEN...

...THEN ***EVERY*** PLANET EARTH IN ***EVERY*** UNIVERSE THAT EVER ***EXISTED*** BETTER GET USED TO CALLING ME ***GOD.***

NO GODS! NO MASTERS!

FWOOOOSH

HOLOCAUST, WAIT!

SO IT WAS *YOU* ALL ALONG?

THOOM

WHAK

YOU THOUGHT YOU'D *ENSLAVE* THE SON OF *APOCALYPSE*?!

FARP

I DID. AND YOU WERE A BIT OF A LETDOWN.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE THINGS EVEN TOUGHER ON THOSE PANSIES, NOT WORK WITH THEM!

...ah...

KRIK

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE, PAL. I READ YOUR FILE BEFORE I FORCED THE BUGS TO PUT YOU ON THE TEAM!

YOU'RE PURE ENERGY IN A DELICIOUS CANDY SHELL! YOU'RE THE KIND OF SUNSHINE I SOAK UP LIKE A SPONGE!

=NFF= YOU...YOU CAN'T DO THIS--! I AM HOLOCAUST! I AM A WALKING H-BOMB!

FACE IT, HOLLY-- I EAT CHUMPS LIKE YOU FOR BREAK-FAST!

KRASH

NOOO!

NOORRRT

...YESSSS...

...NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME REAL FUN...

NEXT: THE FALL AND RISE OF HYPERION!